HARRISON FISHER'S AMERICAN BEAUTIES

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES

ART FOLIO
75
F

BY

HARRISON FISHER

DECORATIONS BY
E. STETSON CRAWFORD

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY
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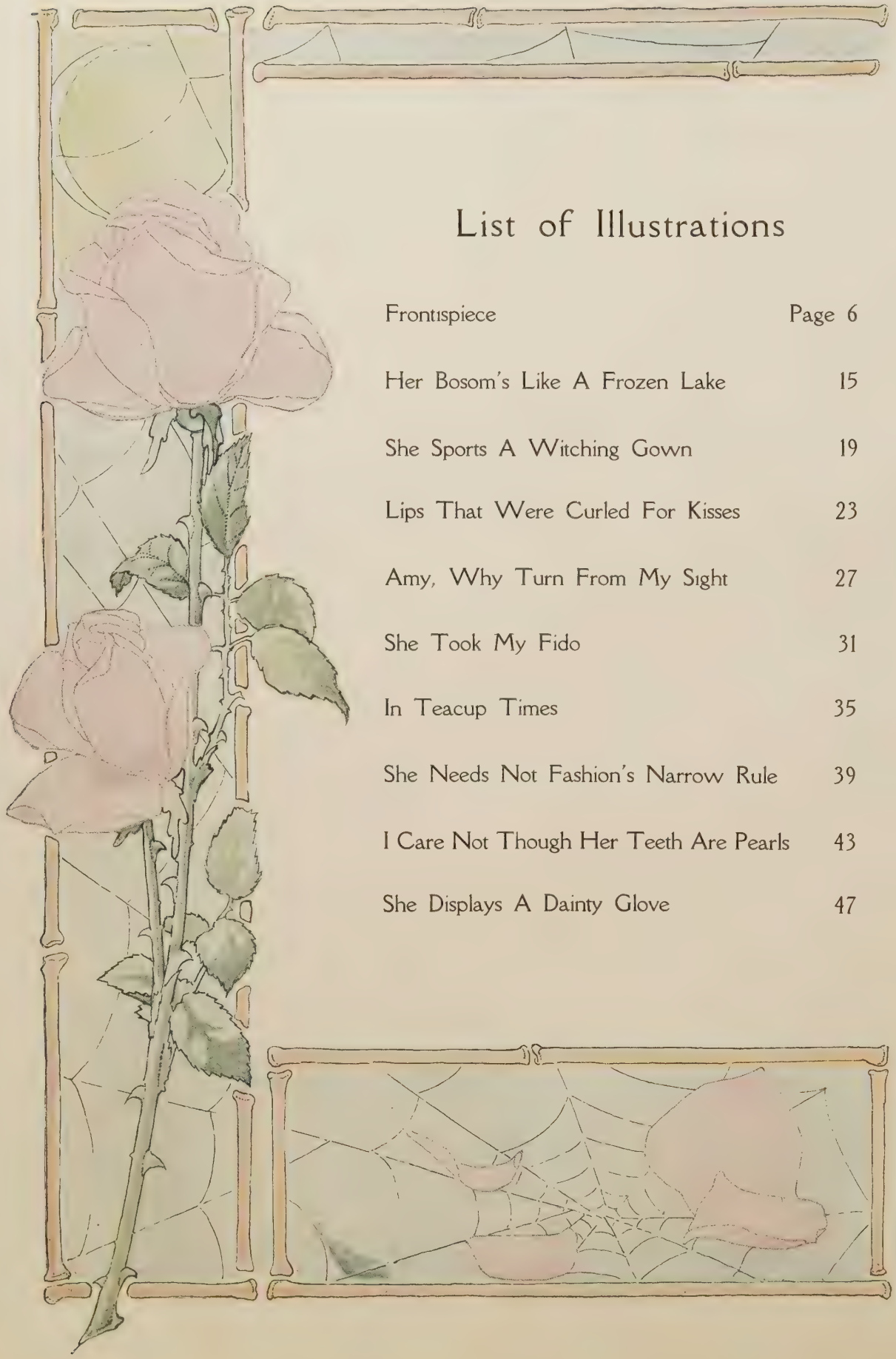
TO HER



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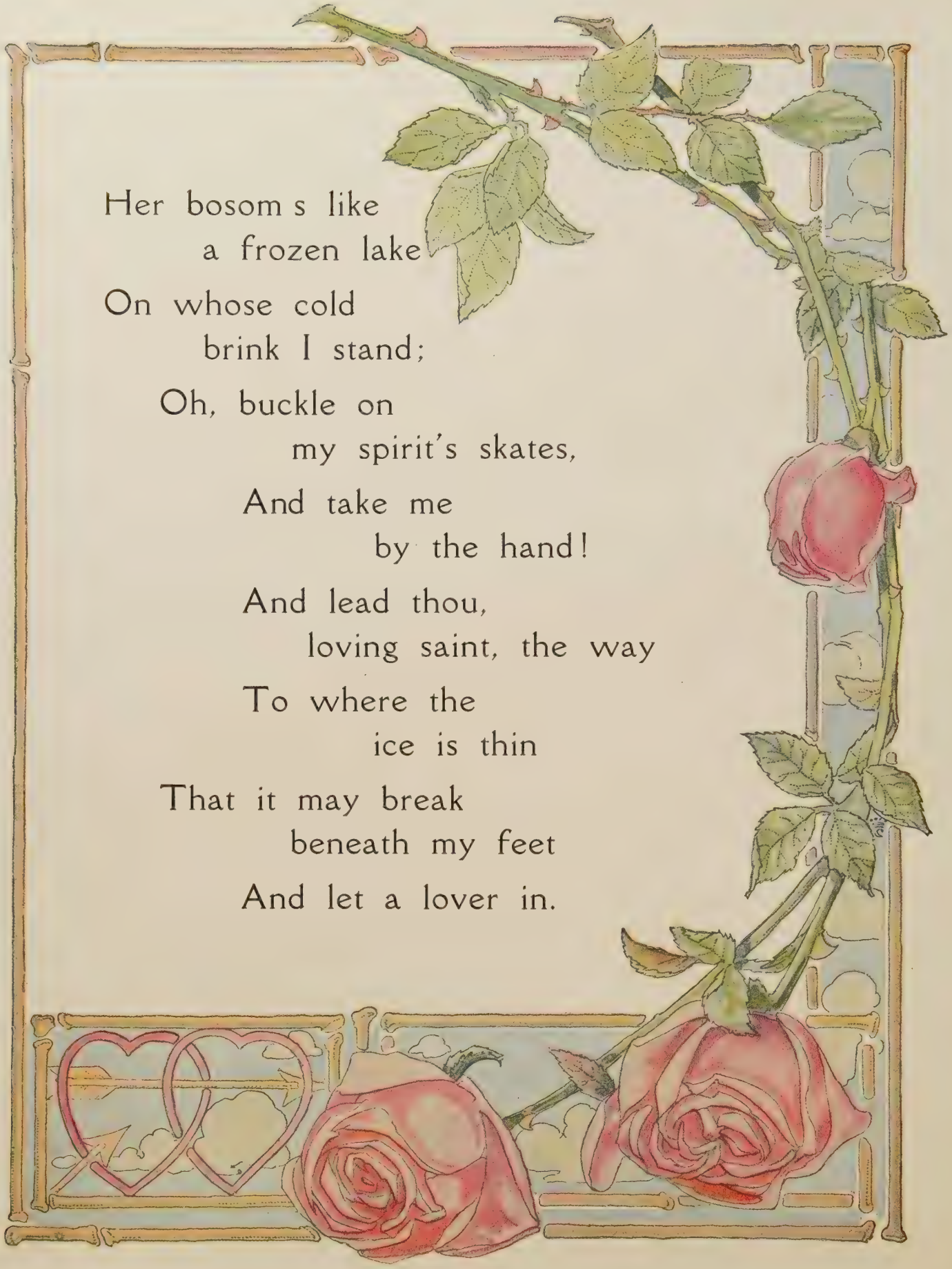
Harrison
Fisher's
American
Beauties



Her bosom s like
a frozen lake
On whose cold
brink I stand;
Oh, buckle on
my spirit's skates,
And take me
by the hand!
And lead thou,
loving saint, the way
To where the
ice is thin
That it may break
beneath my feet
And let a lover in.

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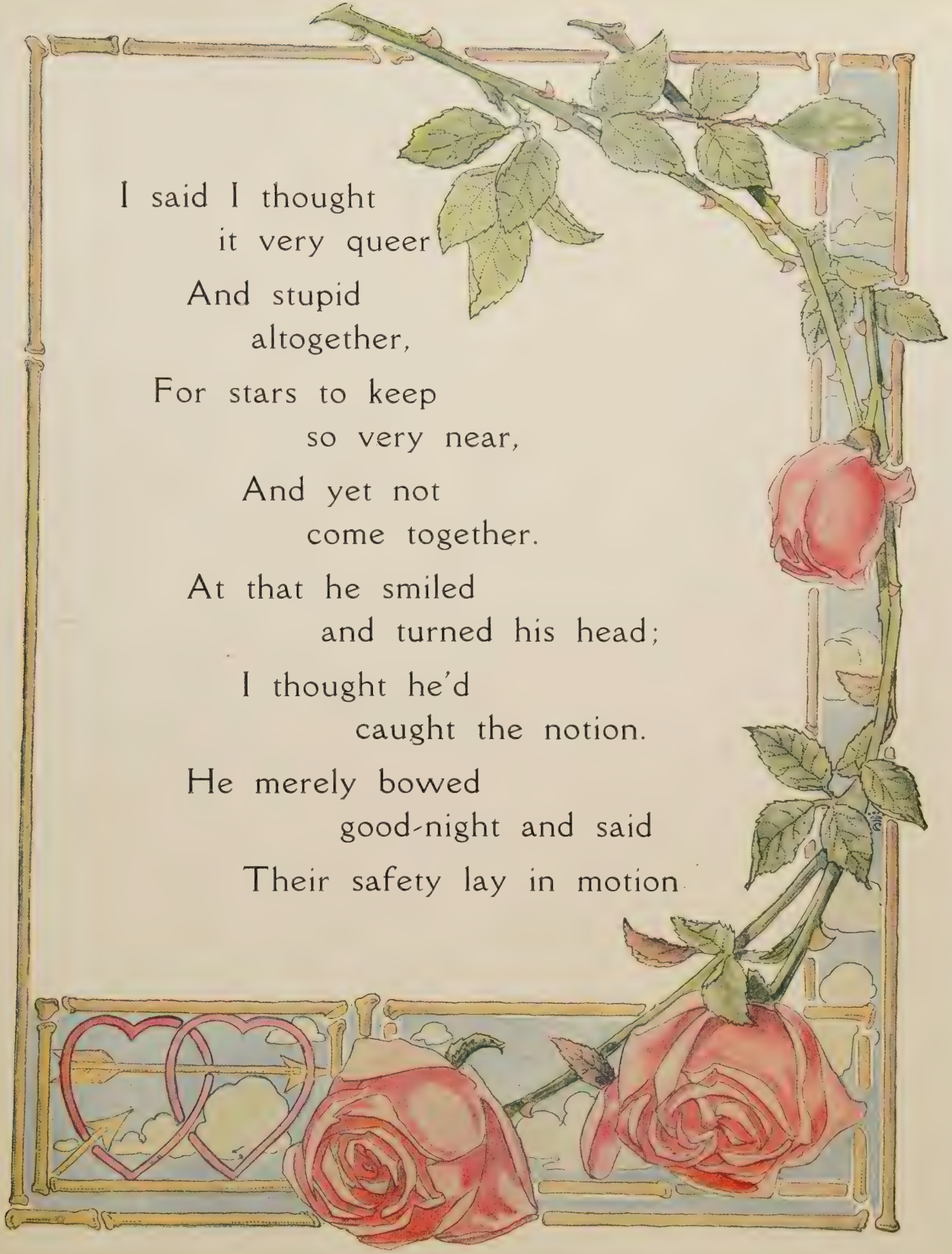

I said I thought
it very queer
And stupid
altogether,
For stars to keep
so very near,
And yet not
come together.
At that he smiled
and turned his head;
I thought he'd
caught the notion.
He merely bowed
good-night and said
Their safety lay in motion

She sports a
witching gown

With a ruffle
up and down

On the skirt.

She is gentle,
she is shy;

But there's mischief
in her eye,

She's a flirt.

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With her dimples
and her curls

She exasperates
the girls

Past belief;

They hint that
she's a cat,

And delightful
things like that,

In their grief.

Ah, help me! but her
face and brow
Are lovelier than lilies are
Beneath the light of
moon and star
That smile as they
are smiling now—
White lilies in a
pallid swoon
Of sweetest white
beneath the moon—
White lilies, in a
flood of bright,

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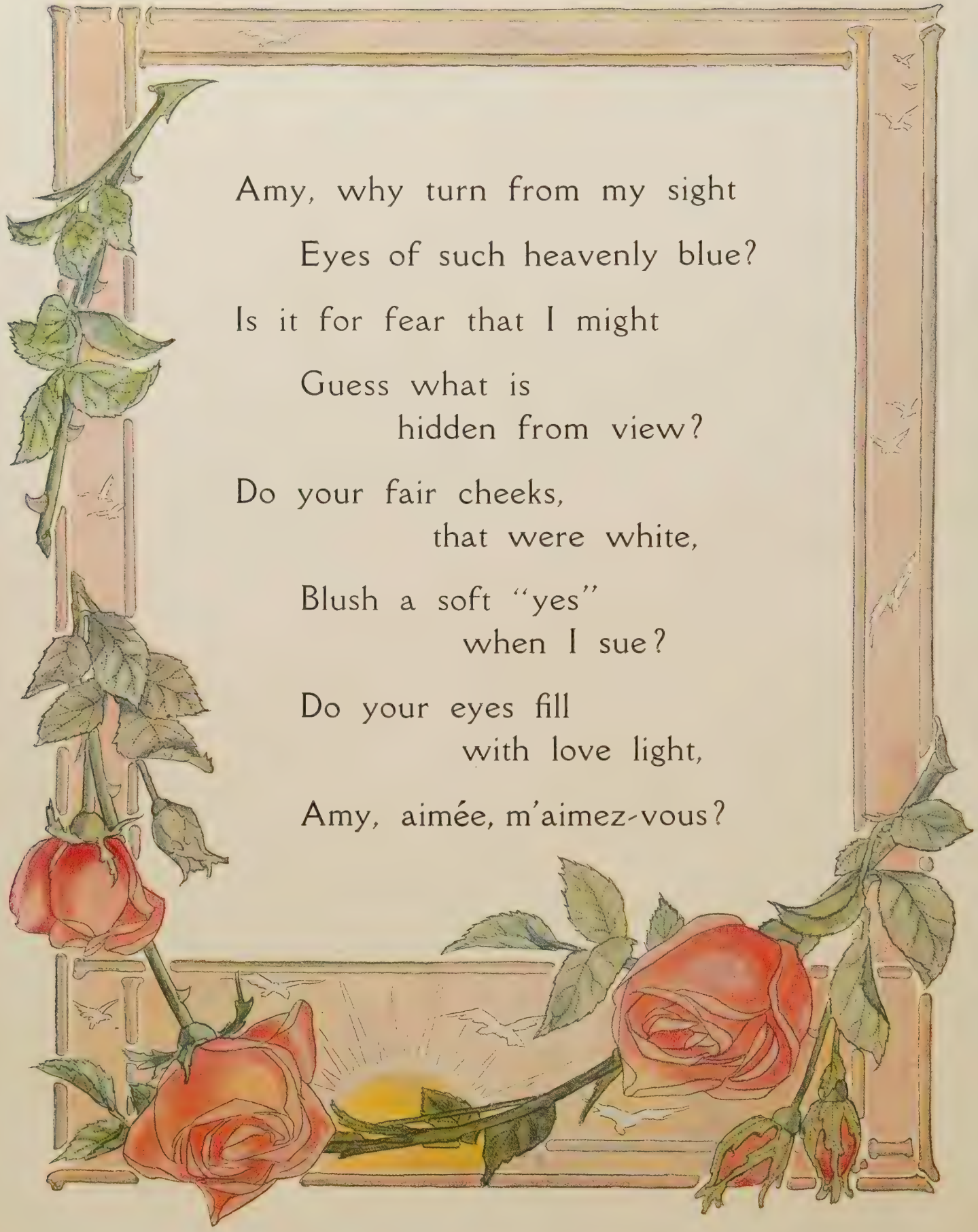
Pure lucidness of liquid light
Cascading down
some plenilune,
When all the
azure overhead
Blooms like a
dazzling daisy-bed.—
So luminous her
face and brow,
The luster of their
glory, shed
In memory, even,
blinds me now.



Amy, why turn from my sight
Eyes of such heavenly blue?
Is it for fear that I might
Guess what is
hidden from view?
Do your fair cheeks,
that were white,
Blush a soft "yes"
when I sue?
Do your eyes fill
with love light,
Amy, aimée, m'aimez-vous?

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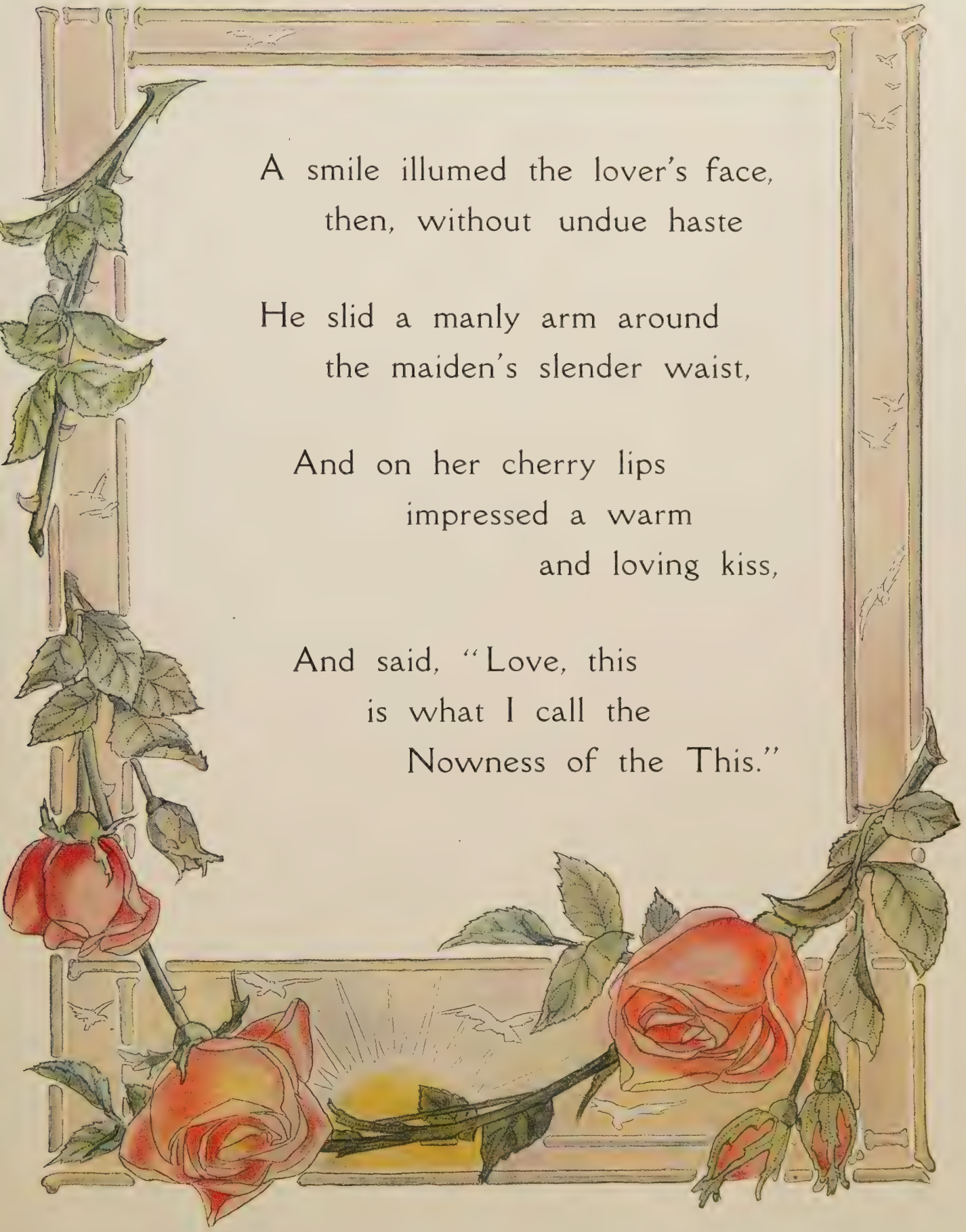
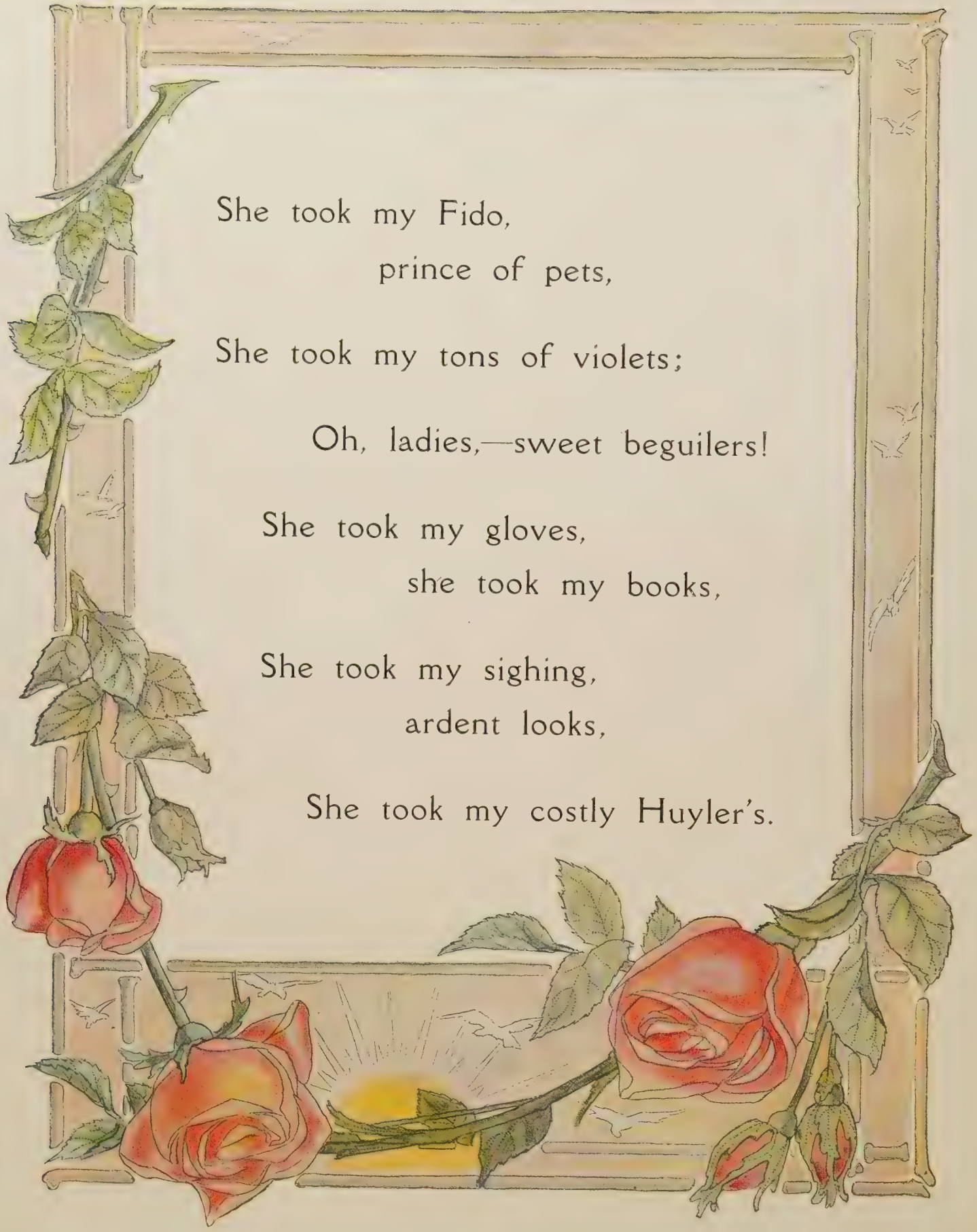


A smile illumed the lover's face,
then, without undue haste

He slid a manly arm around
the maiden's slender waist,

And on her cherry lips
impressed a warm
and loving kiss,

And said, "Love, this
is what I call the
Nowness of the This."



She took my Fido,
prince of pets,

She took my tons of violets;

Oh, ladies,—sweet beguilers!

She took my gloves,
she took my books,

She took my sighing,
ardent looks,

She took my costly Huyler's.

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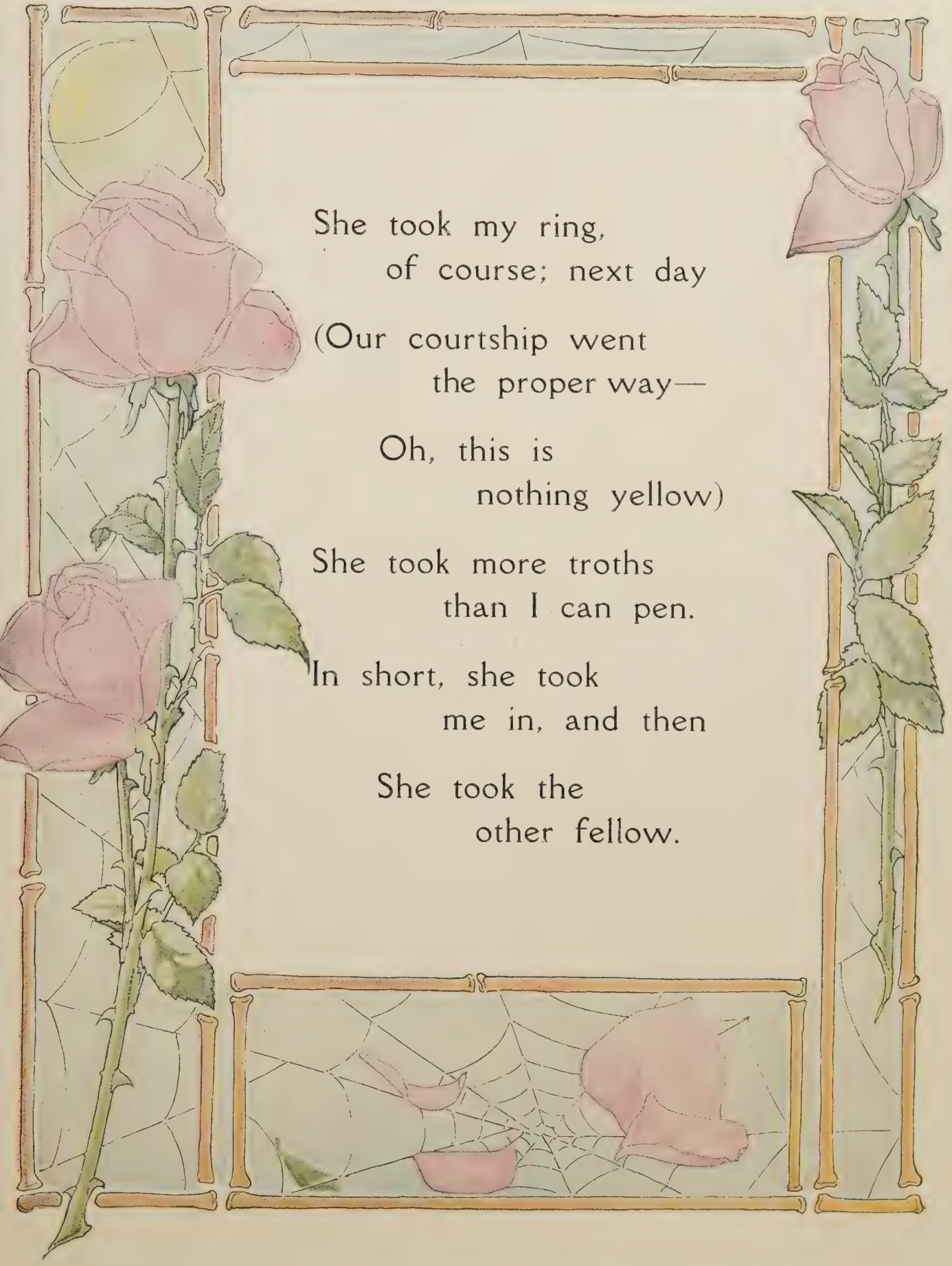

She took my ring,
of course; next day

(Our courtship went
the proper way—

Oh, this is
nothing yellow)

She took more troths
than I can pen.

In short, she took
me in, and then

She took the
other fellow.

"In teacup times!"
The style of dress

Would suit your
beauty, I confess;

Belinda-like, the
patch you'd wear;

I picture you with
powdered hair,—

You'd make a
charming Shepherdess!

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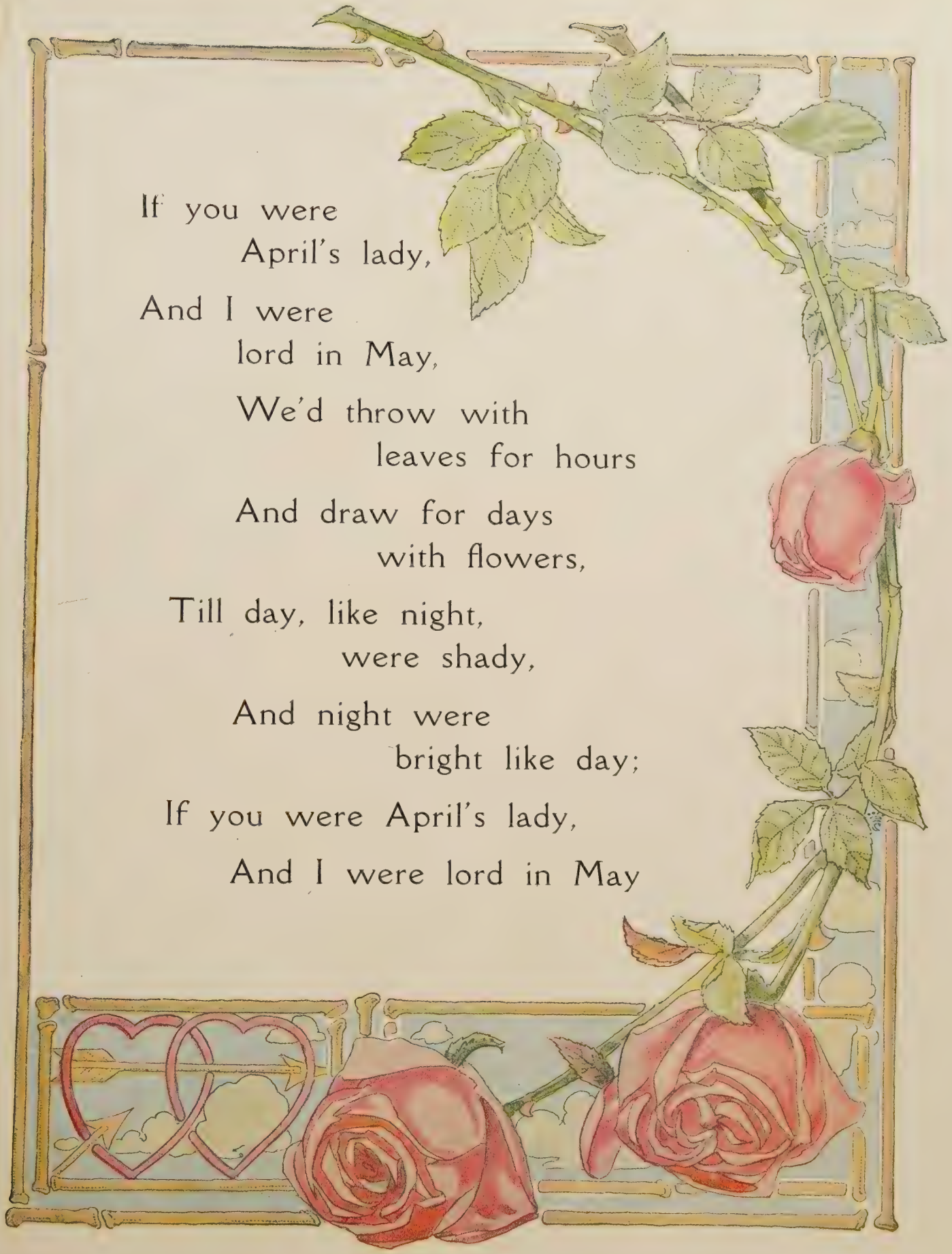
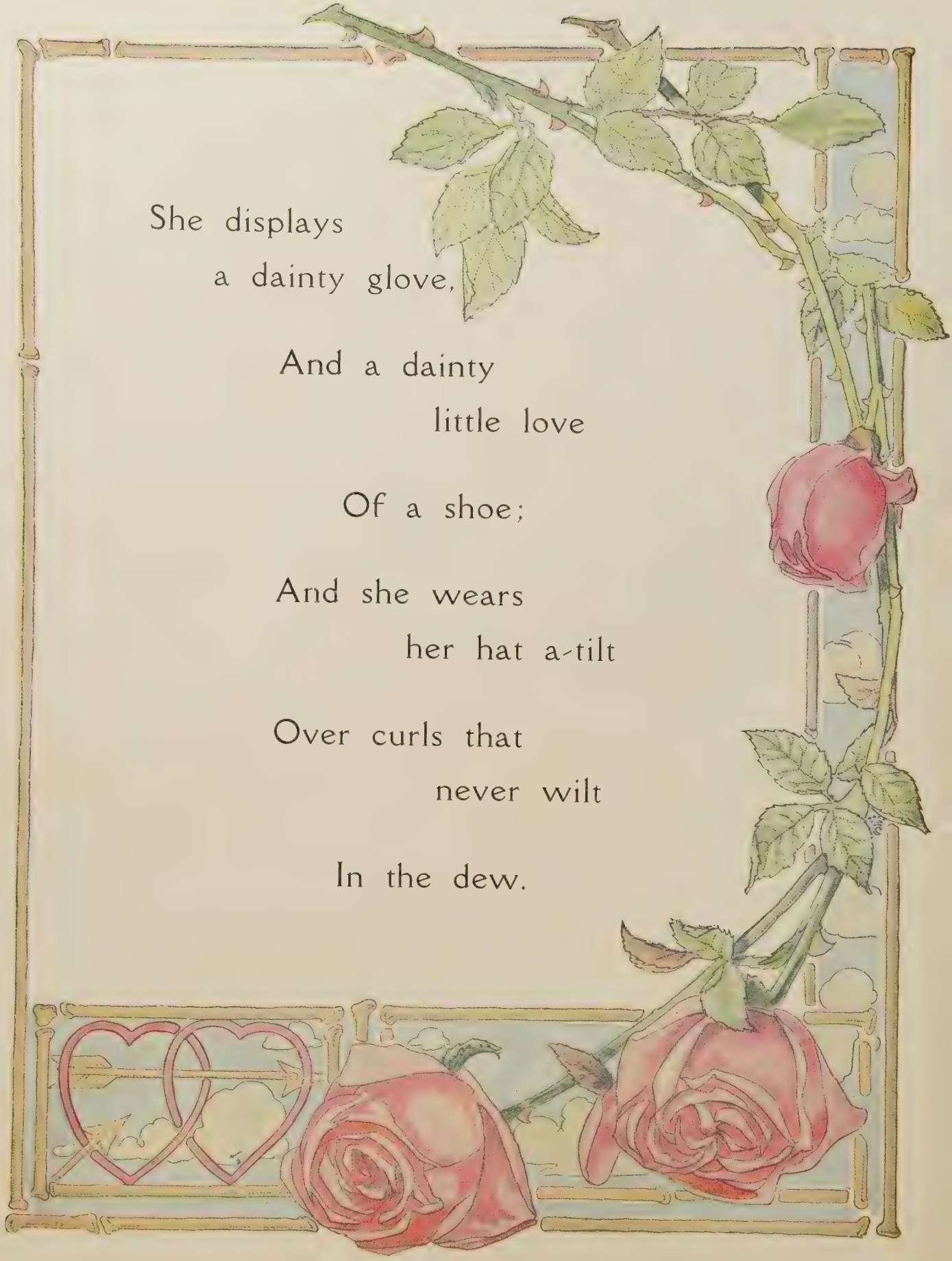


If you were
April's lady,
And I were
lord in May,
We'd throw with
leaves for hours
And draw for days
with flowers,
Till day, like night,
were shady,
And night were
bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May



She displays
a dainty glove,

And a dainty
little love

Of a shoe;

And she wears
her hat a-tilt

Over curls that
never wilt

In the dew.

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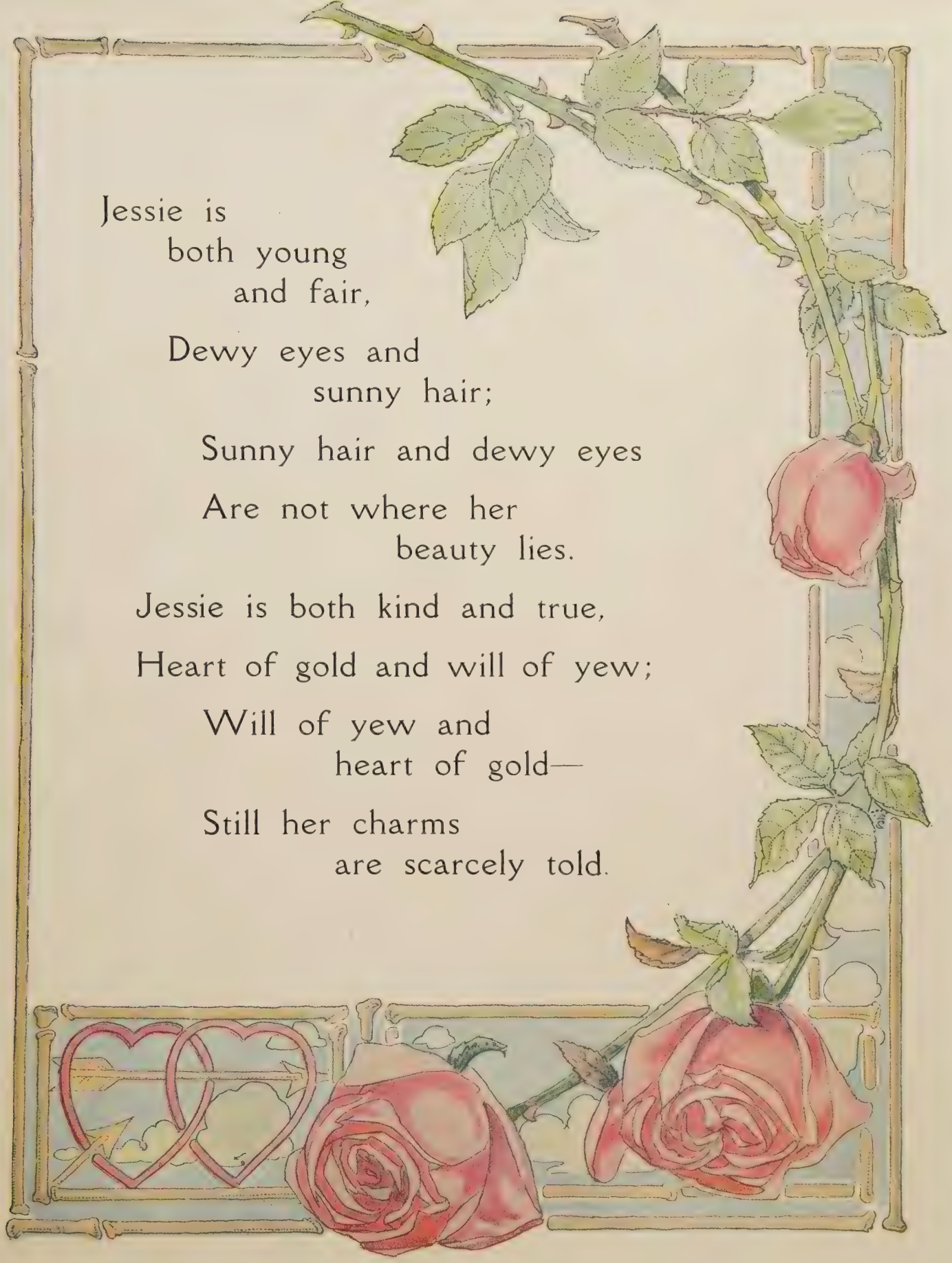


Jessie is
both young
and fair,

Dewy eyes and
sunny hair;

Sunny hair and dewy eyes

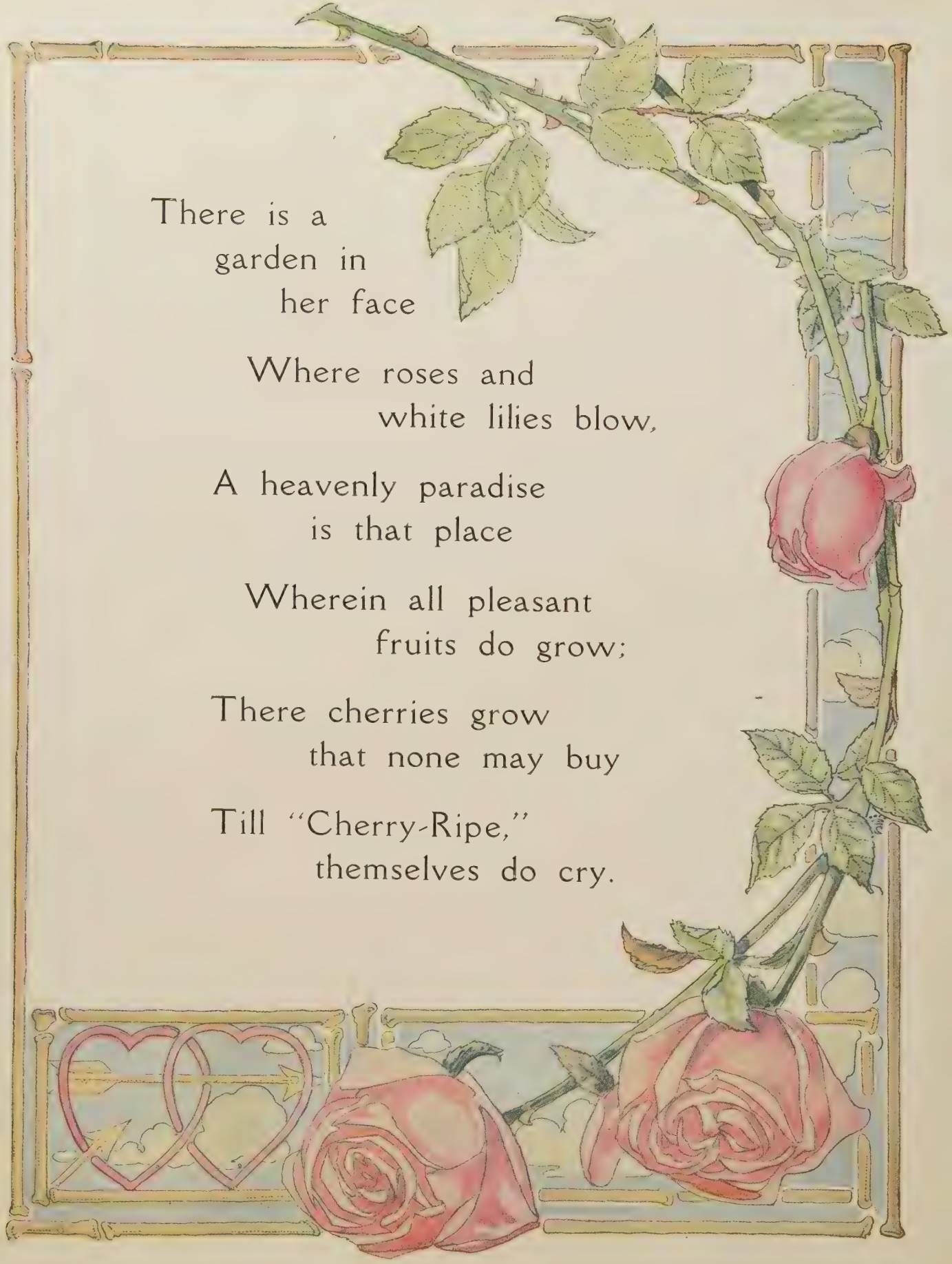
Are not where her
beauty lies.

Jessie is both kind and true,

Heart of gold and will of yew;

Will of yew and
heart of gold—

Still her charms
are scarcely told.



There is a
garden in
her face

Where roses and
white lilies blow,

A heavenly paradise
is that place

Wherein all pleasant
fruits do grow;

There cherries grow
that none may buy

Till "Cherry-Ripe,"
themselves do cry.

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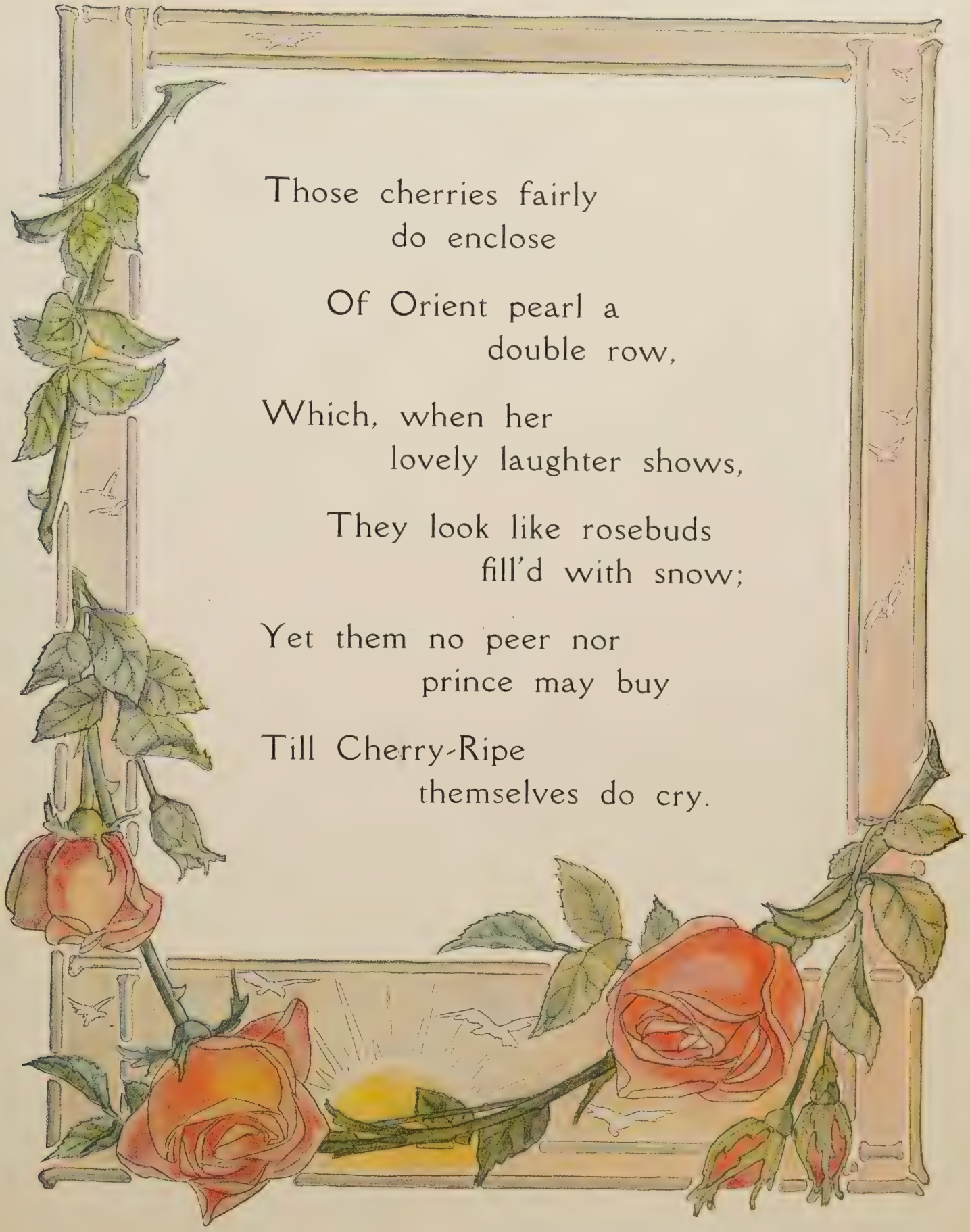

Those cherries fairly
do enclose

Of Orient pearl a
double row,

Which, when her
lovely laughter shows,

They look like rosebuds
fill'd with snow;

Yet them no peer nor
prince may buy

Till Cherry-Ripe
themselves do cry.

Your dreams have never
known a world so fair
As this reality of
joy and light;
The Springs that
o'er your head have
winged swift flight
Steal back again with
all their fragrance rare
Of May-time blossoms.
On the happy air,
Viol and harp and
horn their burden bright
Add to the charm of
this enchantment night,
That finds you queen,
with none your
reign to share.

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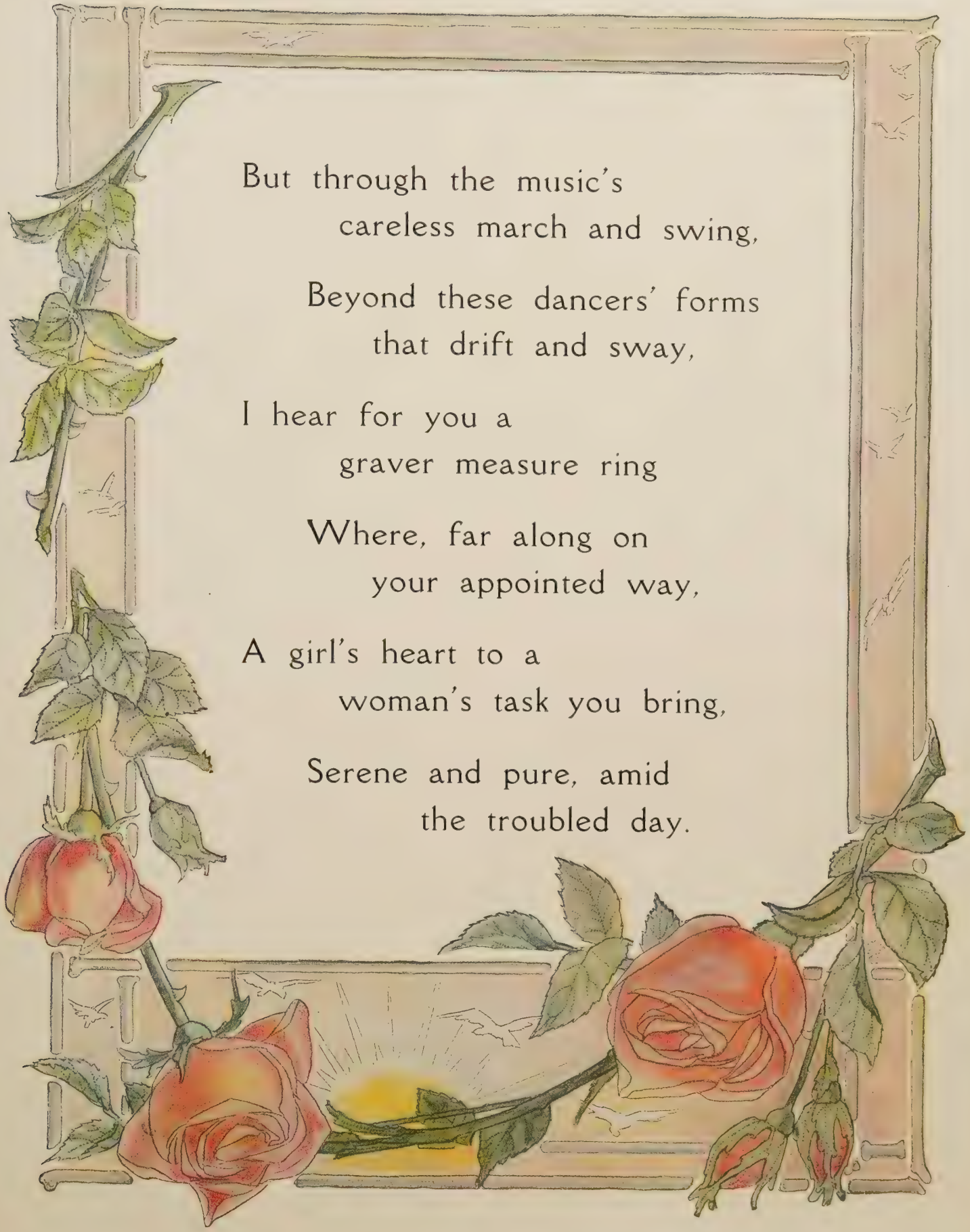


But through the music's
careless march and swing,

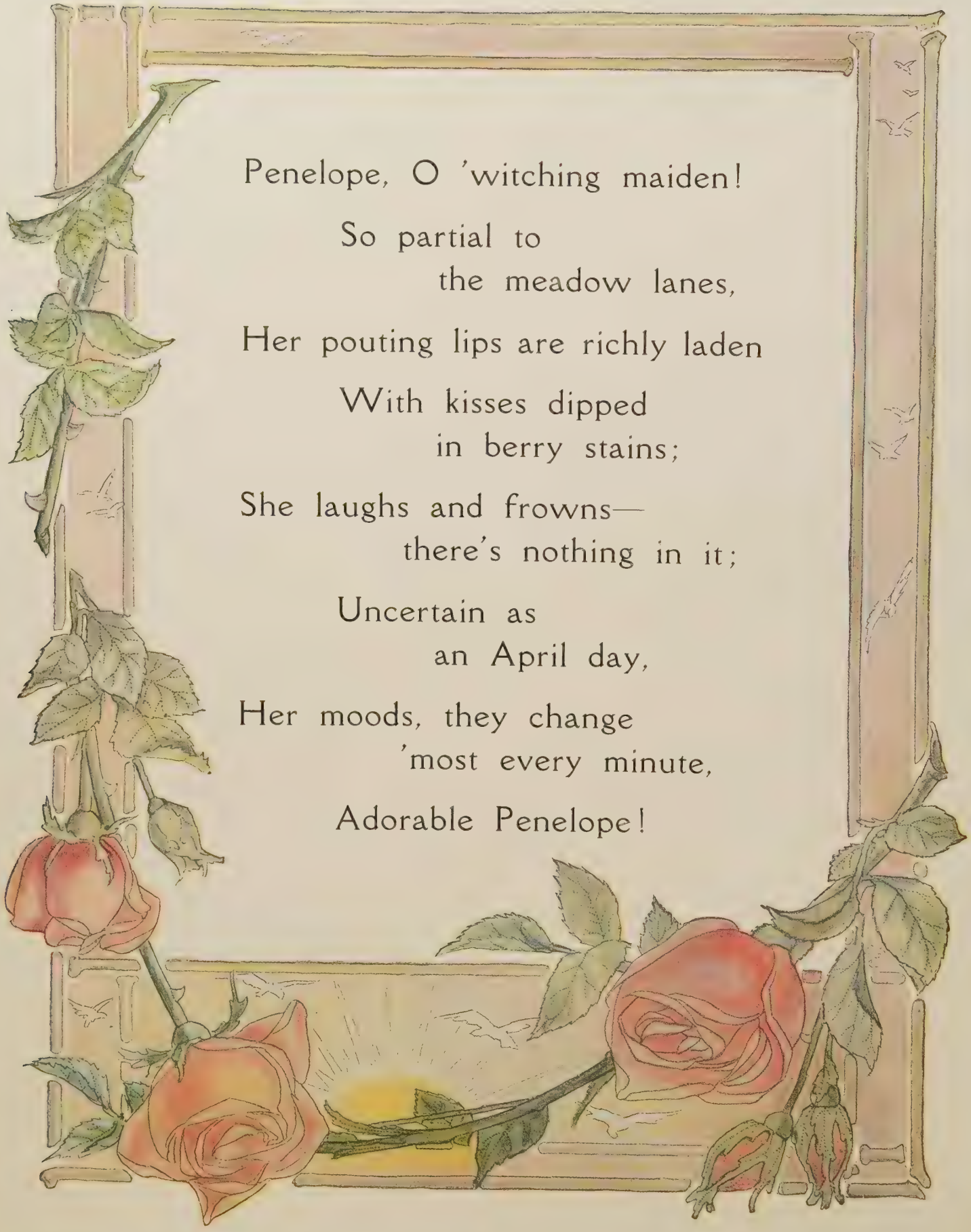
Beyond these dancers' forms
that drift and sway,

I hear for you a
graver measure ring

Where, far along on
your appointed way,

A girl's heart to a
woman's task you bring,

Serene and pure, amid
the troubled day.



Penelope, O 'witching maiden!
So partial to
the meadow lanes,
Her pouting lips are richly laden
With kisses dipped
in berry stains;
She laughs and frowns—
there's nothing in it;
Uncertain as
an April day,
Her moods, they change
'most every minute,
Adorable Penelope!

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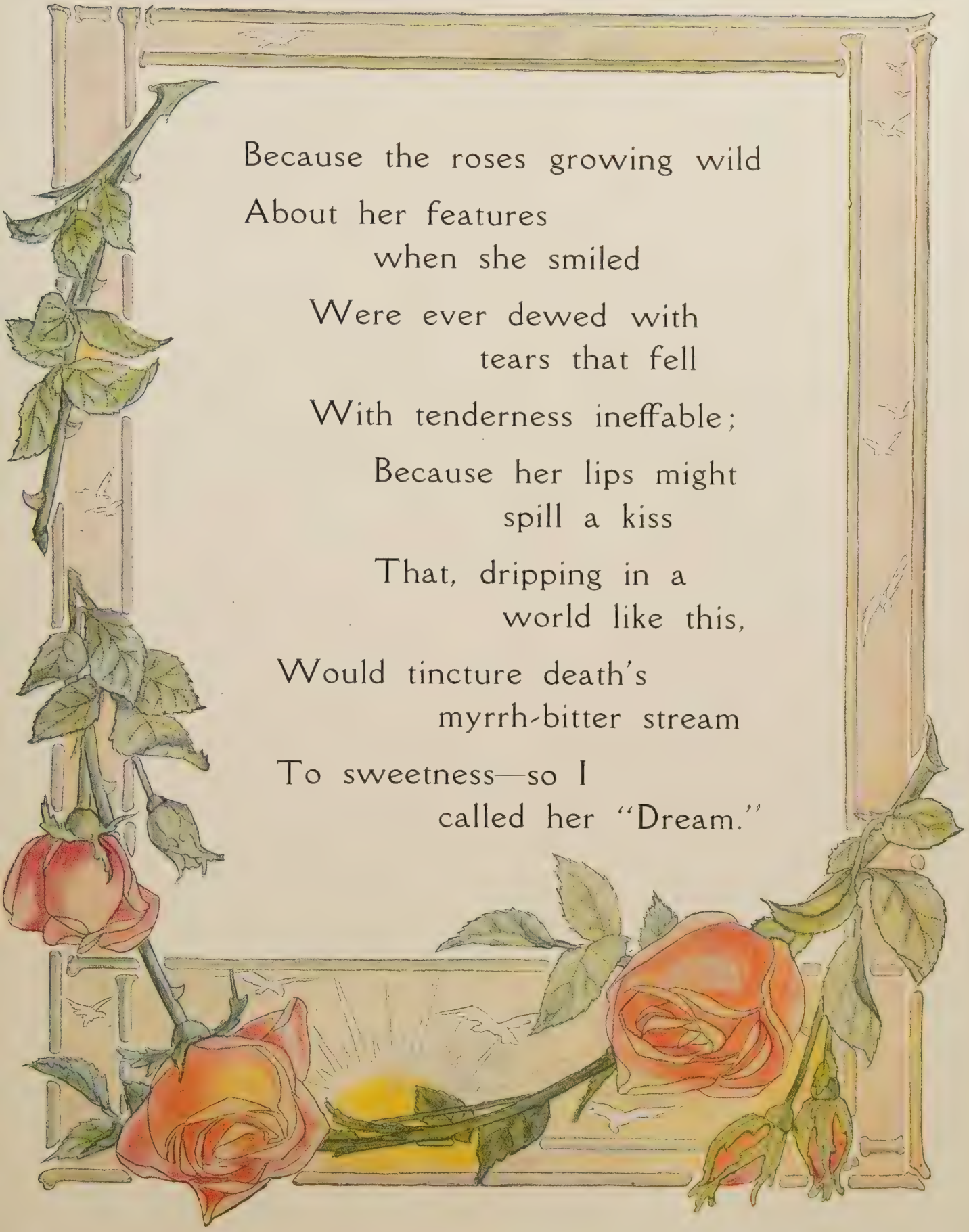
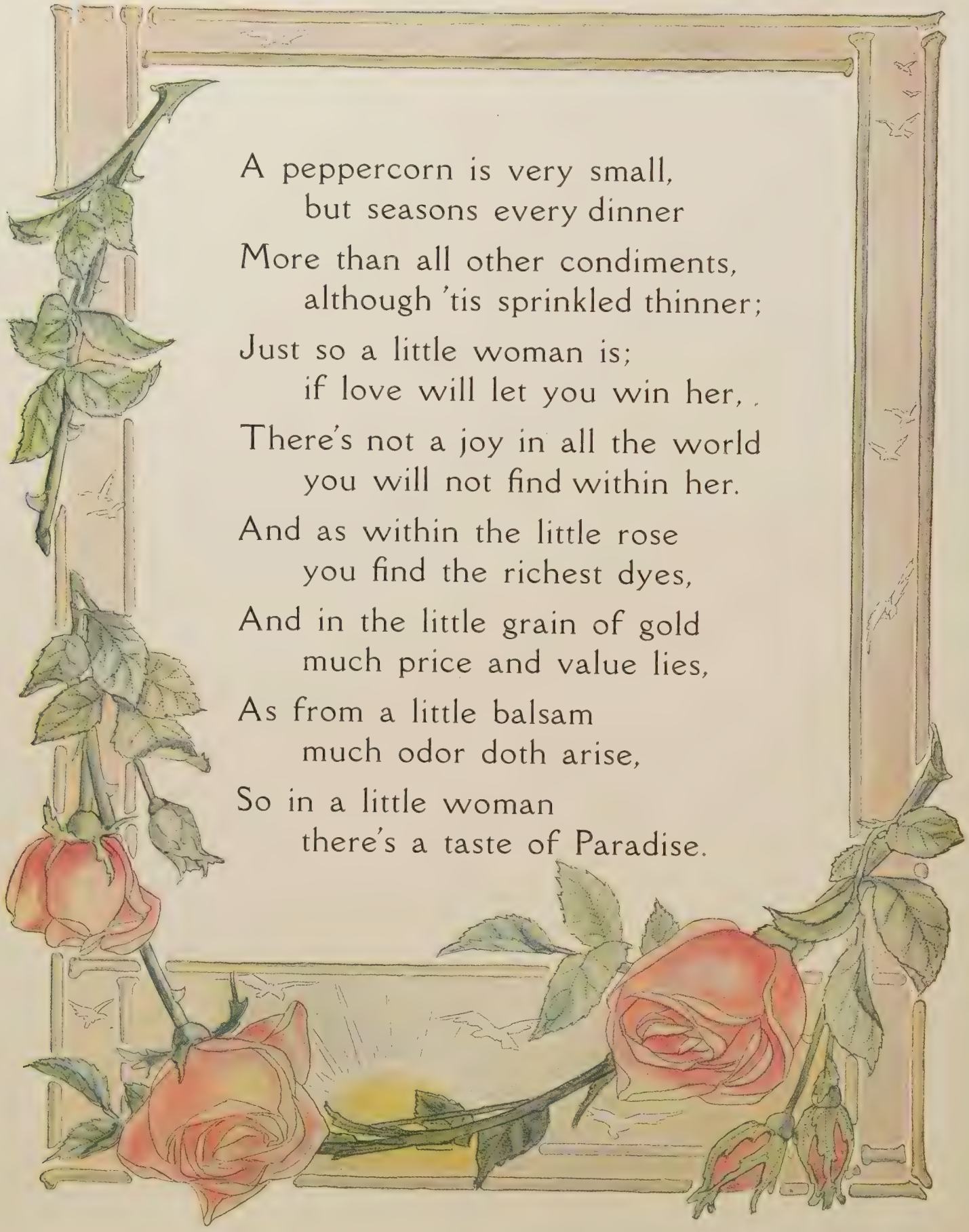


Because the roses growing wild
About her features
when she smiled
Were ever dewed with
tears that fell
With tenderness ineffable;
Because her lips might
spill a kiss
That, dripping in a
world like this,
Would tincture death's
myrrh-bitter stream
To sweetness—so I
called her "Dream."



A peppercorn is very small,
but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments,
although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is;
if love will let you win her,
There's not a joy in all the world
you will not find within her.
And as within the little rose
you find the richest dyes,
And in the little grain of gold
much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam
much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman
there's a taste of Paradise.

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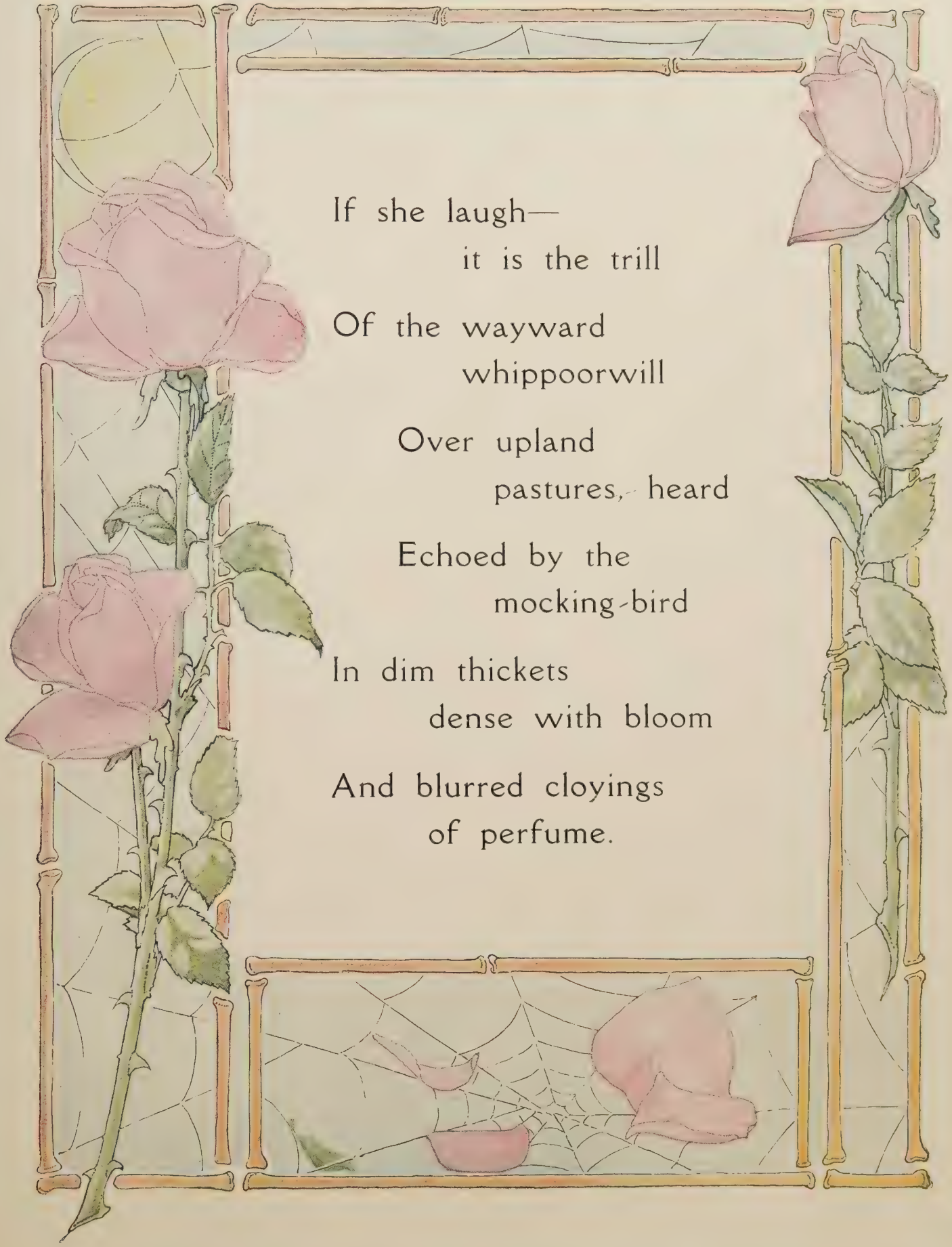

If she laugh—
it is the trill
Of the wayward
whippoorwill
Over upland
pastures, heard
Echoed by the
mocking-bird
In dim thickets
dense with bloom
And blurred cloyings
of perfume.

She hath a smile
that doth beguile

A monk in
robe and cowl,

And yet her eyes
can look as wise

As grave
Minerva's owl.

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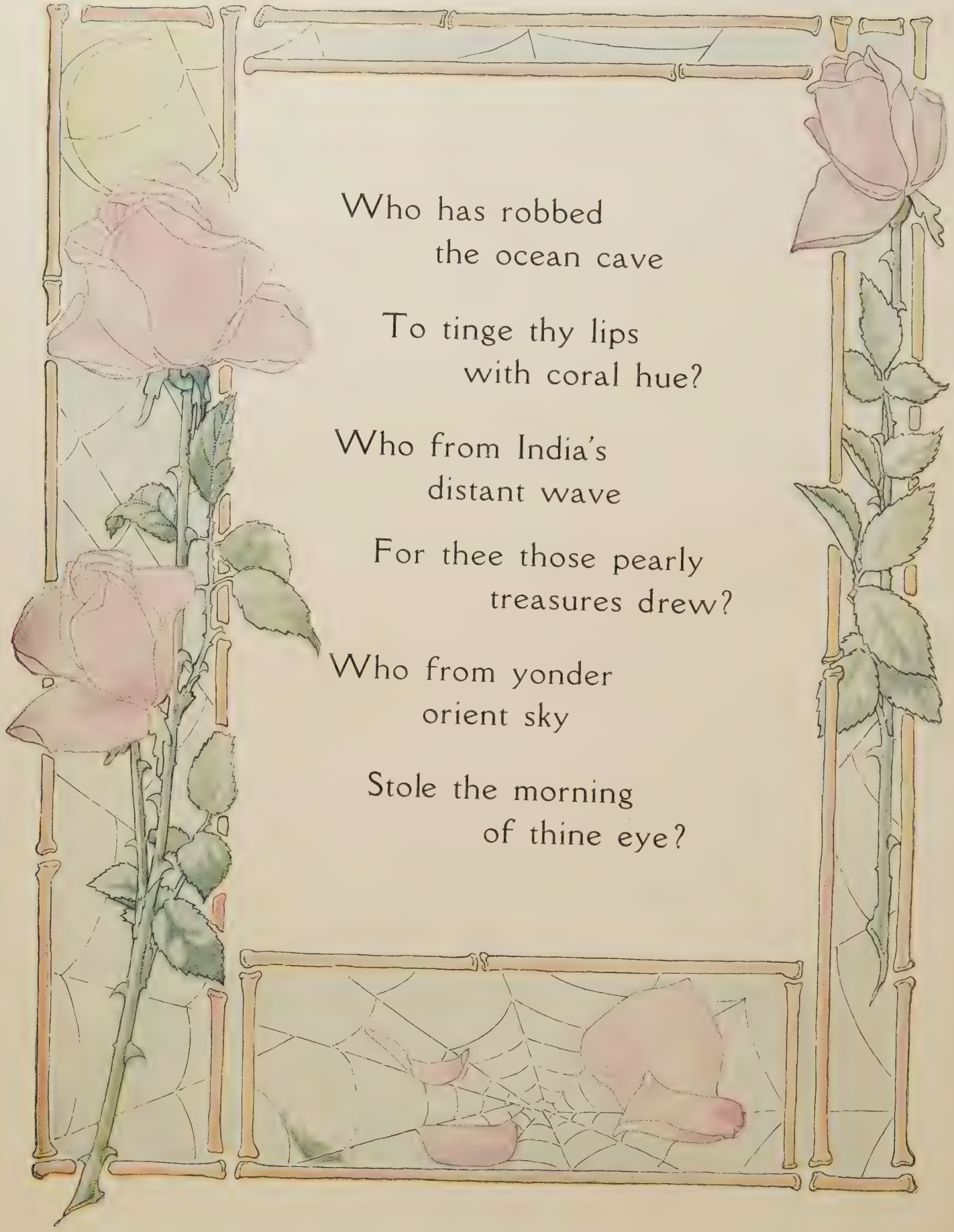
For though they
almost blush
to reign,

Though love's own
flowers wreathe
the chain,

Disguise the
bondage as
we will,

'Tis woman—
woman rules
us still.



Who has robbed
the ocean cave

To tinge thy lips
with coral hue?

Who from India's
distant wave

For thee those pearly
treasures drew?

Who from yonder
orient sky

Stole the morning
of thine eye?

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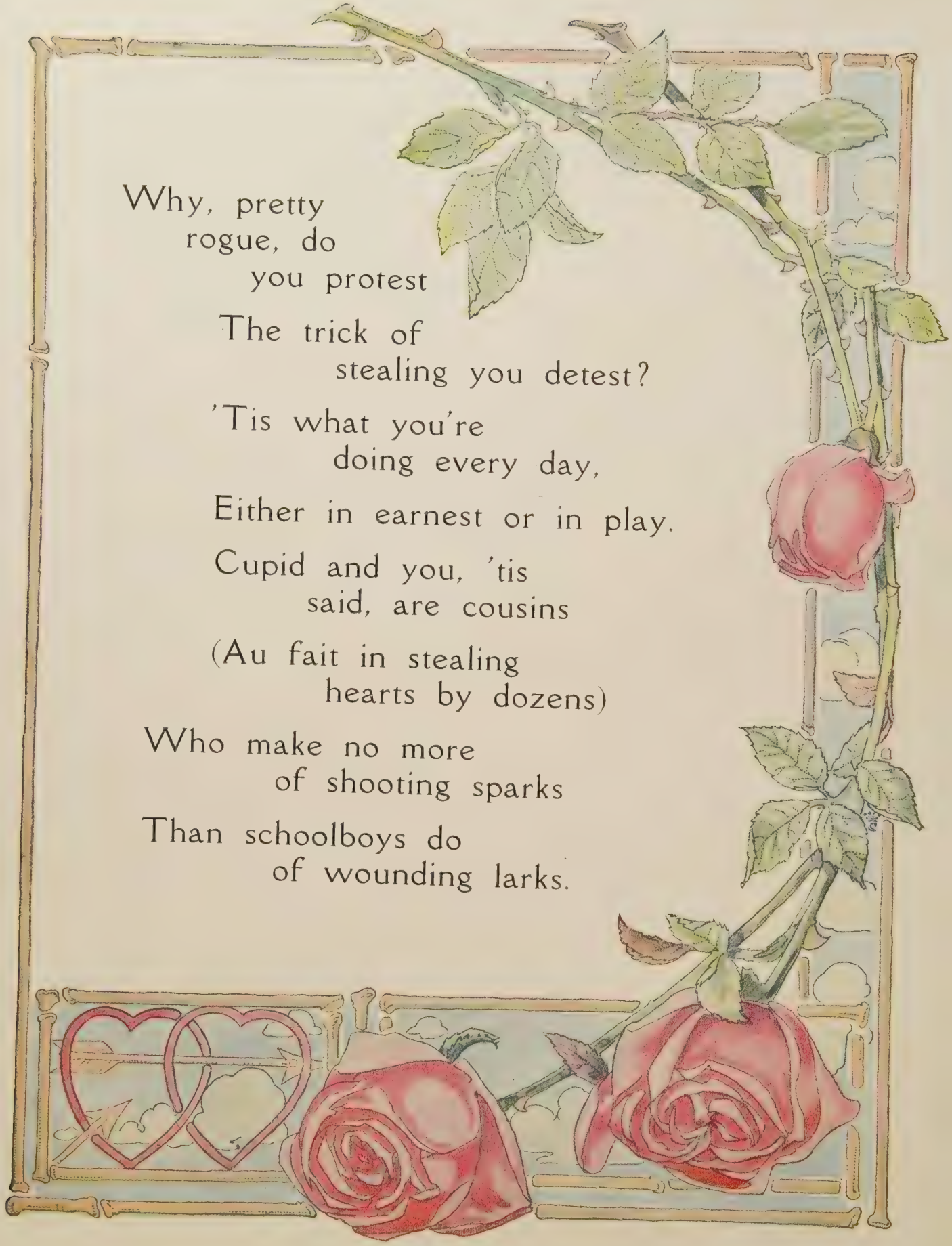
O she is all
perfections:

All that the
blooming earth
can send
forth fair;

All that the
gaudy heavens
could drop
down glorious.



Why, pretty
rogue, do
you protest
The trick of
stealing you detest?
'Tis what you're
doing every day,
Either in earnest or in play.
Cupid and you, 'tis
said, are cousins
(Au fait in stealing
hearts by dozens)
Who make no more
of shooting sparks
Than schoolboys do
of wounding larks.

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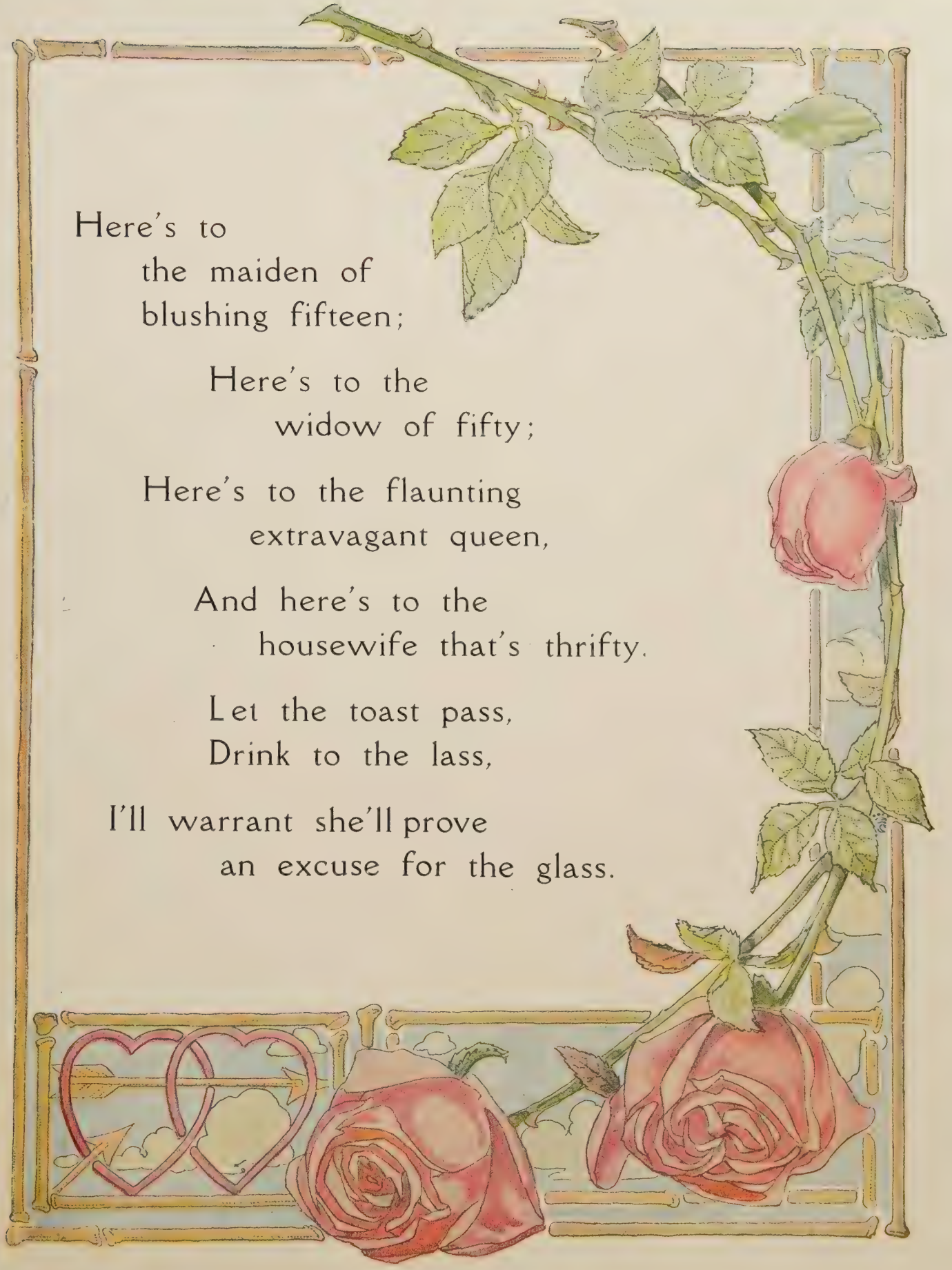


Here's to
the maiden of
blushing fifteen;

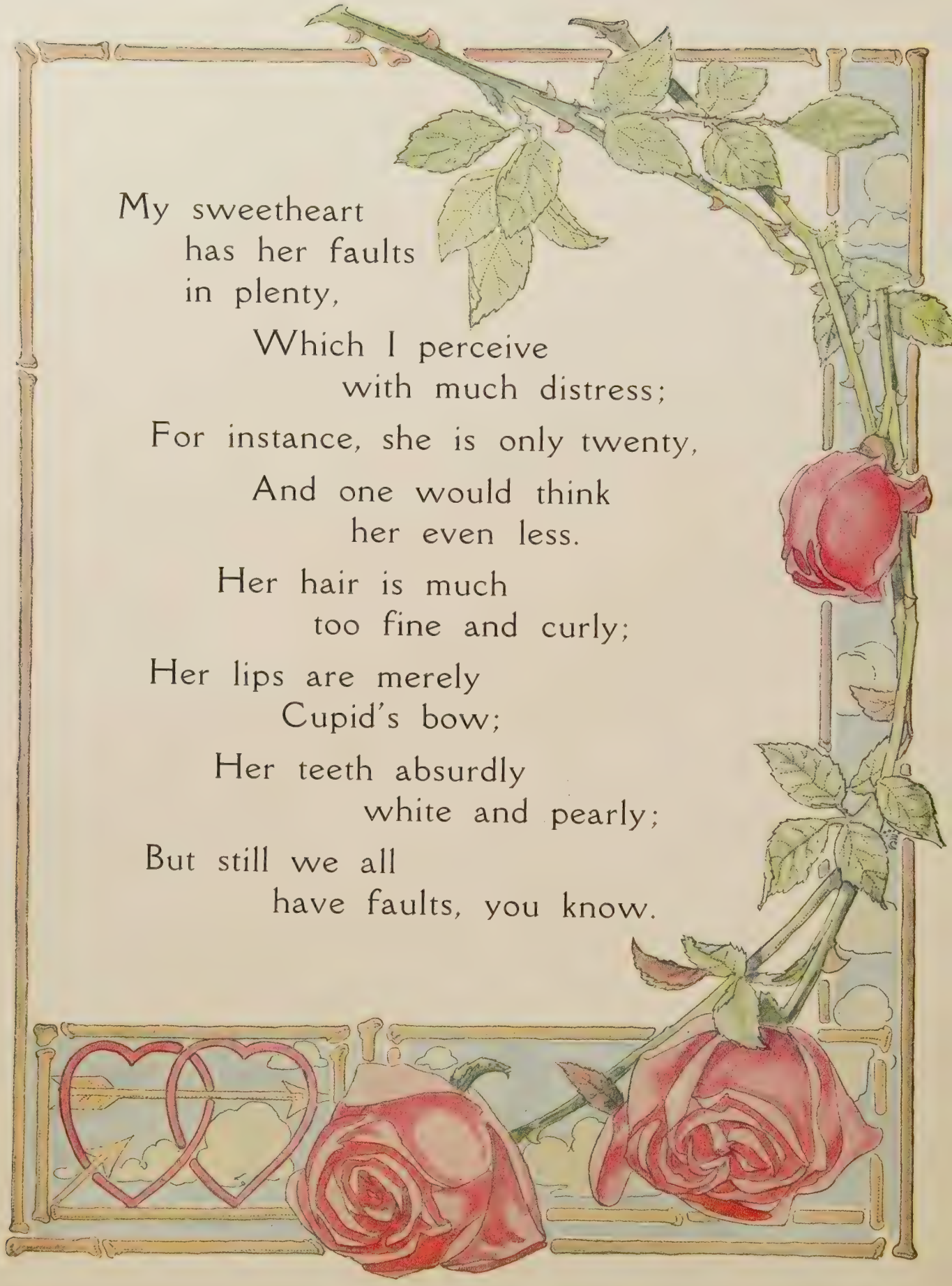
Here's to the
widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting
extravagant queen,

And here's to the
housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove
an excuse for the glass.



My sweetheart
has her faults
in plenty,
Which I perceive
with much distress;
For instance, she is only twenty,
And one would think
her even less.
Her hair is much
too fine and curly;
Her lips are merely
Cupid's bow;
Her teeth absurdly
white and pearly;
But still we all
have faults, you know.

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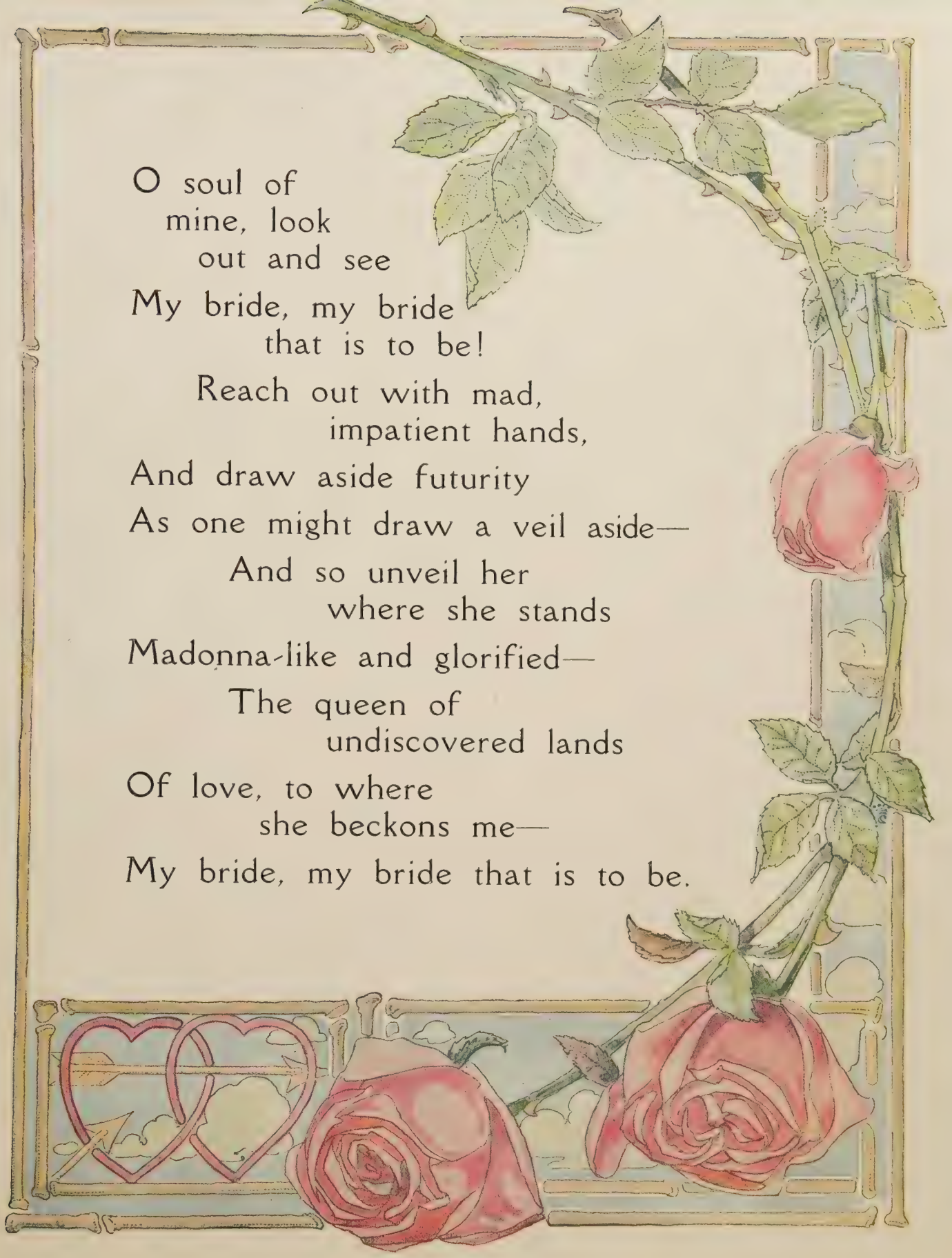
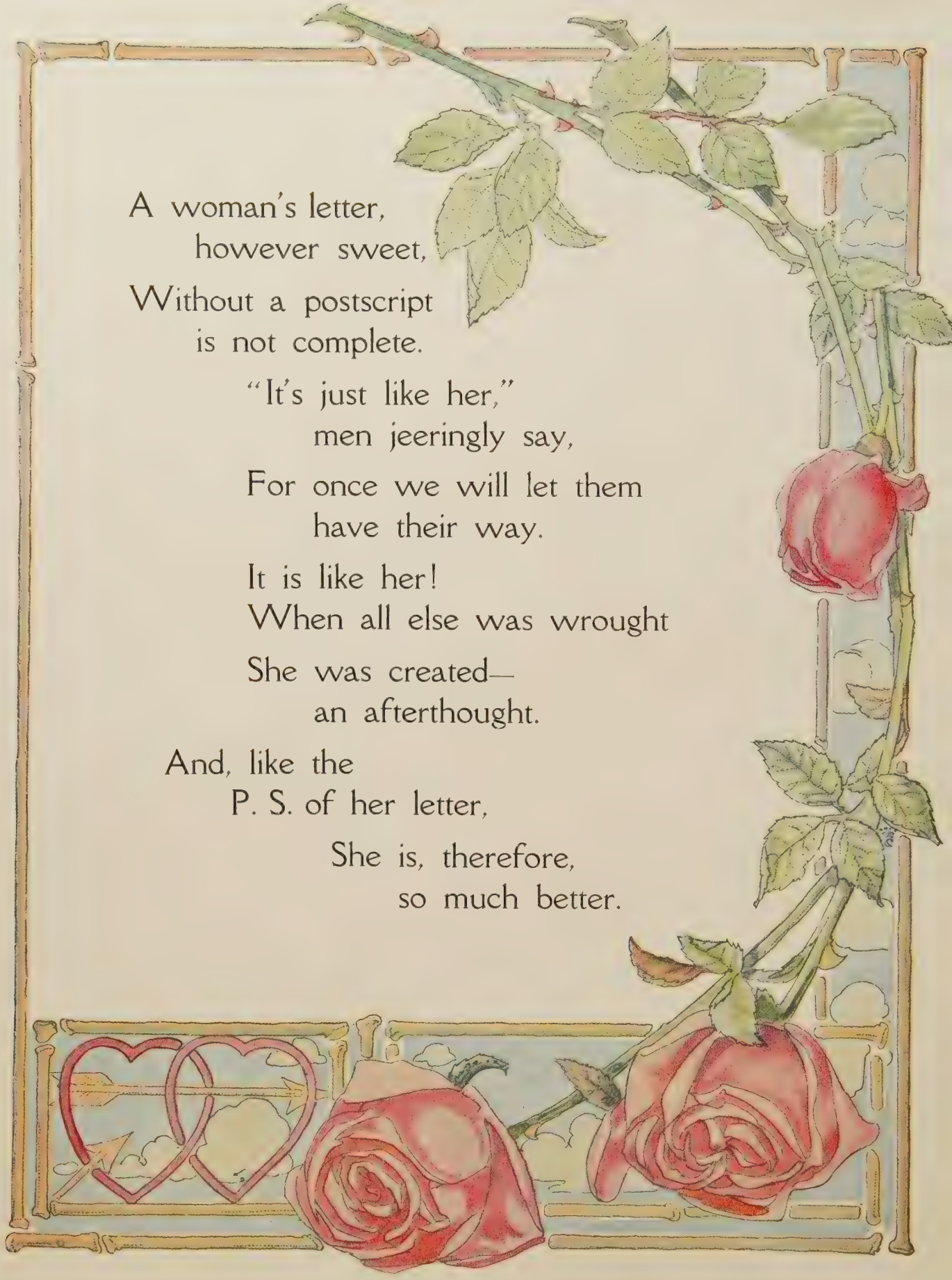


O soul of
mine, look
out and see
My bride, my bride
that is to be!
Reach out with mad,
impatient hands,
And draw aside futurity
As one might draw a veil aside—
And so unveil her
where she stands
Madonna-like and glorified—
The queen of
undiscovered lands
Of love, to where
she beckons me—
My bride, my bride that is to be.



A woman's letter,
however sweet,
Without a postscript
is not complete.

"It's just like her,"
men jeeringly say,
For once we will let them
have their way.

It is like her!
When all else was wrought
She was created—
an afterthought.

And, like the
P. S. of her letter,
She is, therefore,
so much better.

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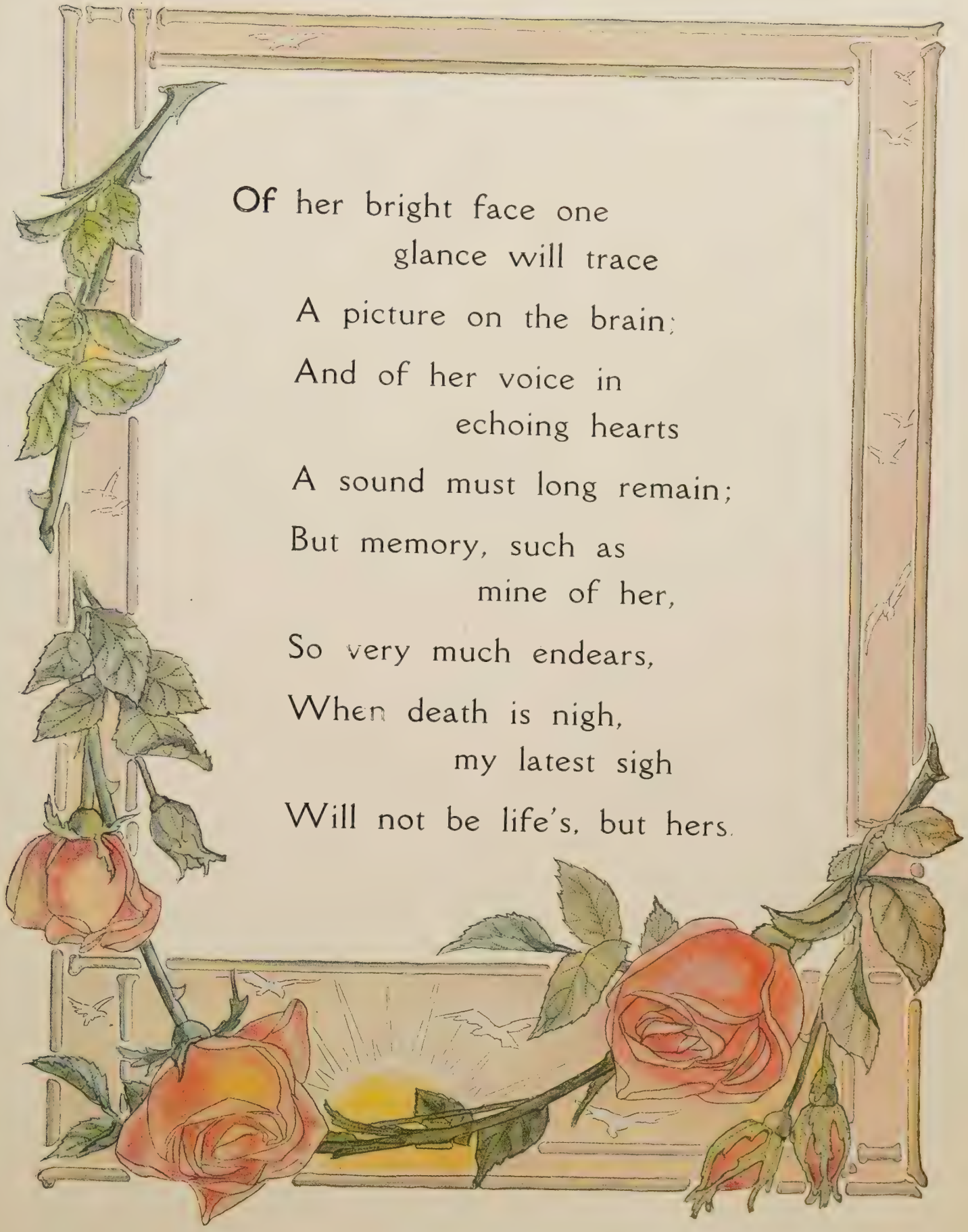
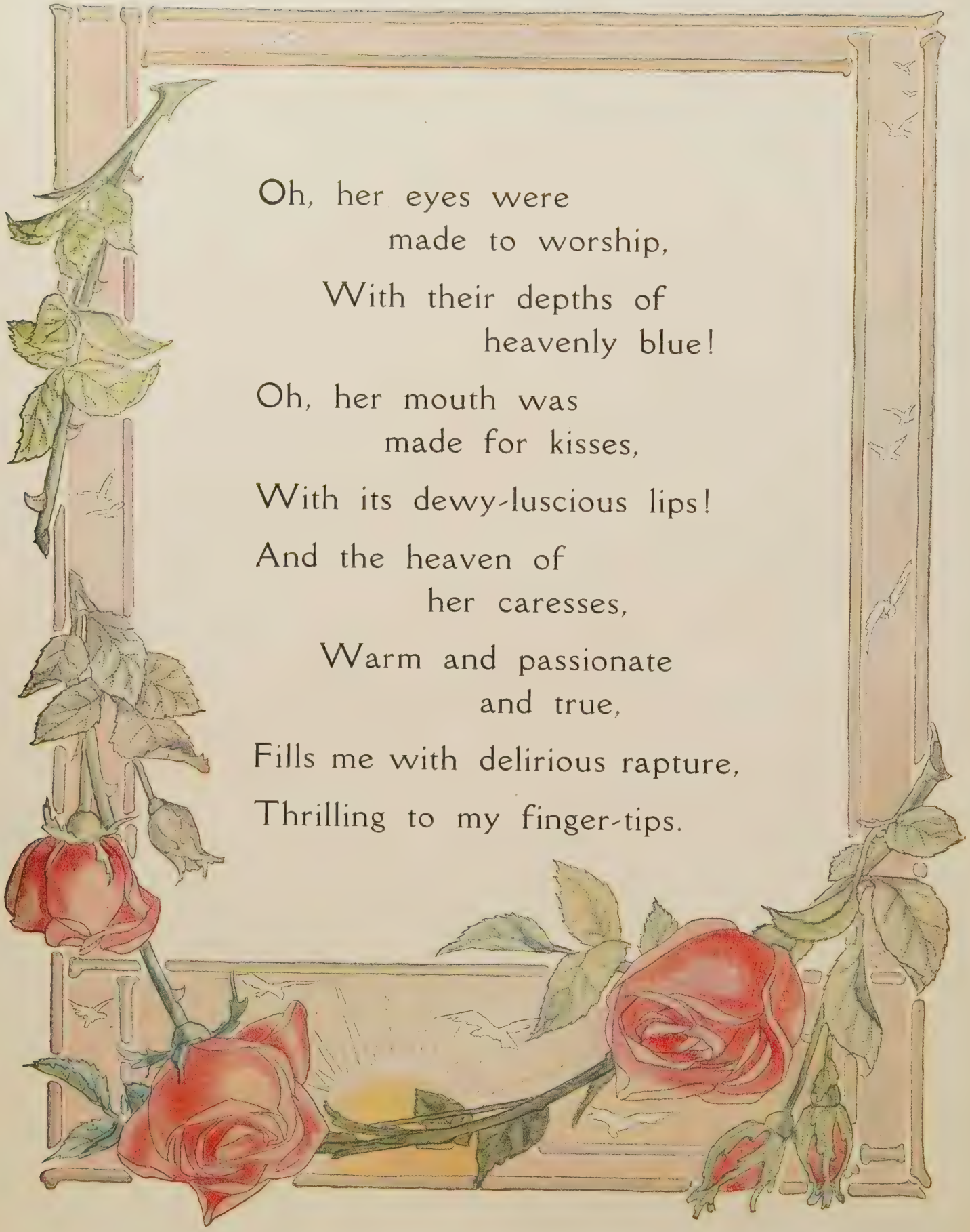


Of her bright face one
glance will trace
A picture on the brain;
And of her voice in
echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as
mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh,
my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.



Oh, her eyes were
made to worship,
With their depths of
heavenly blue!
Oh, her mouth was
made for kisses,
With its dewy-luscious lips!
And the heaven of
her caresses,
Warm and passionate
and true,
Fills me with delirious rapture,
Thrilling to my finger-tips.

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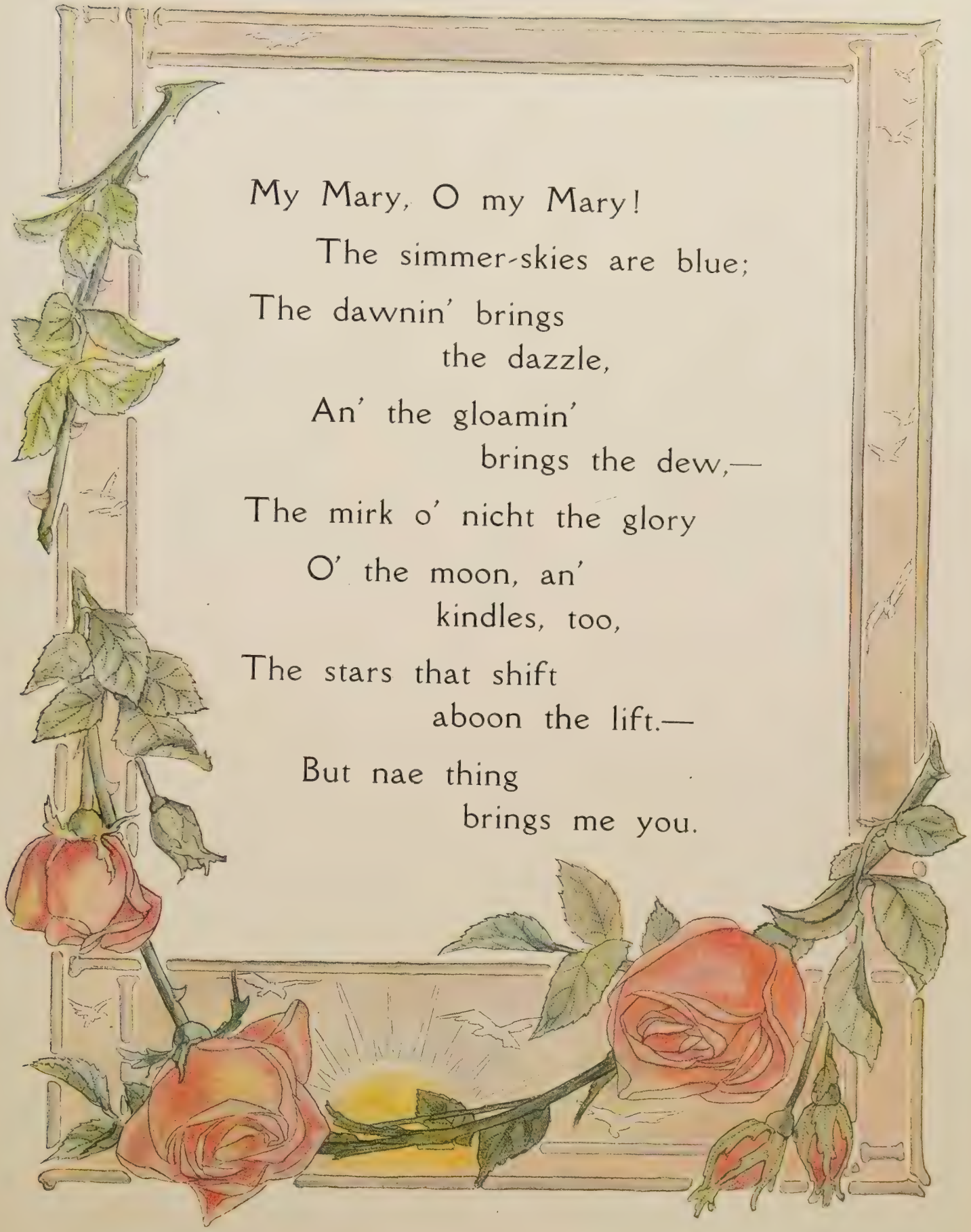
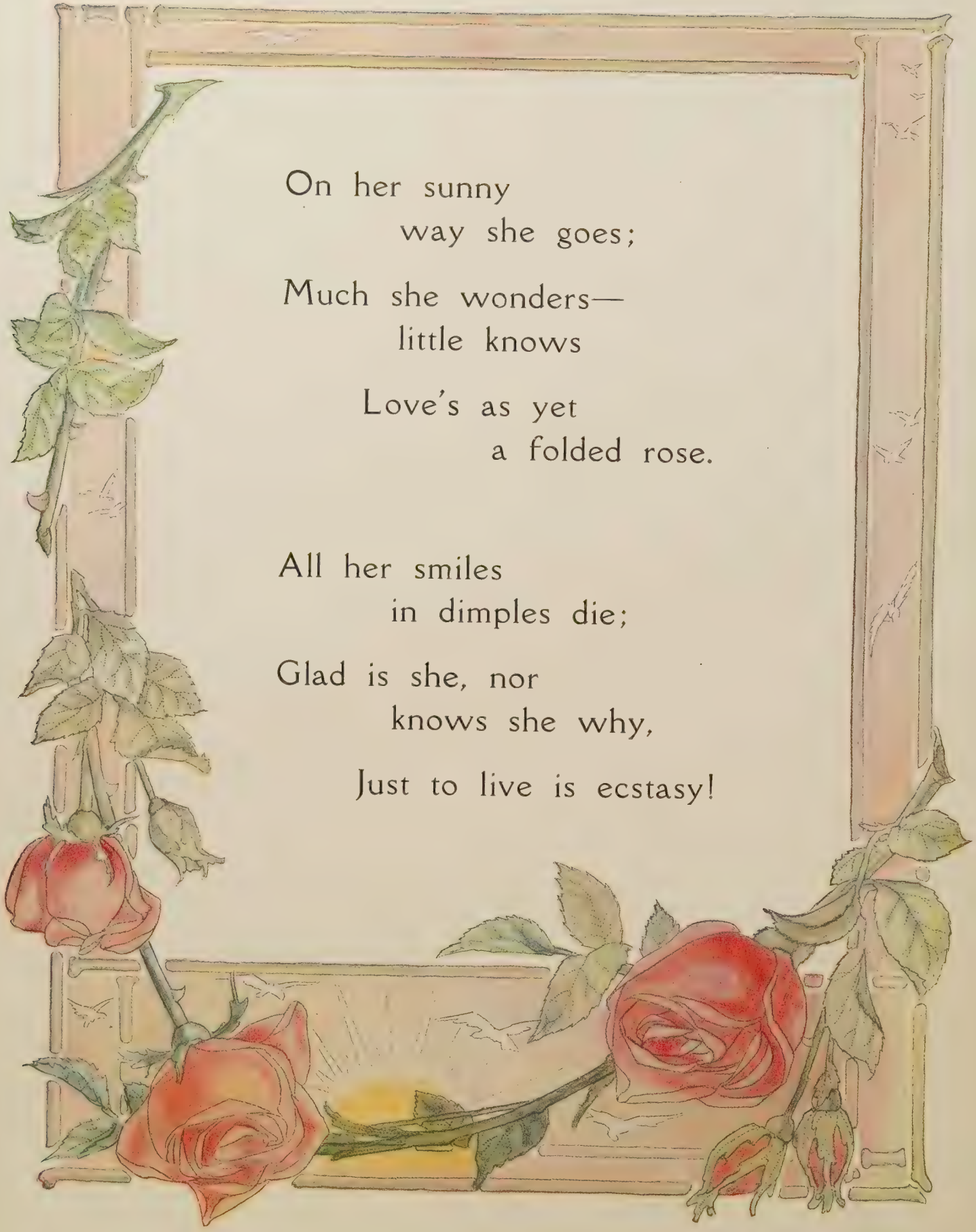


My Mary, O my Mary!
The simmer-skies are blue;
The dawnin' brings
the dazzle,
An' the gloamin'
brings the dew,—
The mirk o' nicht the glory
O' the moon, an'
kindles, too,
The stars that shift
aboon the lift.—
But nae thing
brings me you.



On her sunny
way she goes;

Much she wonders—
little knows

Love's as yet
a folded rose.

All her smiles
in dimples die;

Glad is she, nor
knows she why,

Just to live is ecstasy!

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Here's to the charmer
whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid
who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with
a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph
with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
an excuse for the glass.

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